

difference between its head and its tail—was much interested in 'Sponge.' If you *have* read the book, I will send you something else which you may like.

ROOSEVELT TO TREVELYAN

WHITE HOUSE,
January 22,
1906.

Yes, Mrs. Roosevelt and I are both as fond as you are of the immortal * 'Soapy Sponge'; but I shall be very grateful if you will send me that copy, because the only copy we have in the house is one Mrs. Roosevelt inherited from her father. It is a rather cheap American edition, though with the John Leech pictures, and we have read it until it has practically tumbled to pieces. So you see I am greedily closing with your offer.

I find it a great comfort to like all kinds of books, and to be able to get half an hour or an hour's complete rest and complete detachment from the fighting of the moment, by plunging into the genius and misdeeds of Marlborough, or the wicked perversity of James II, or the brilliant battle for human freedom fought by Fox—or in short, anything that Macaulay wrote or that you have written, or any one of the novels of Scott and of some of the novels of Thackeray and Dickens; or to turn to Hawthorne or Poe; or to Longfellow, who I think has been underestimated of late years, by the way.

TREVELYAN TO ROOSEVELT

LONDON,
March 15,
1906.

I have been an unconscionable time in

sending you
'Soapy Sponge'; but it was not my fault. As
long as I
was in the country I could not get it in the
right shape.
The new reprints had the engravings reduced
in size, and
the type—the dear old type—altered. Soon
after my ar-
rival in London I picked up the right edition
at a book
stall, and since then have been getting it
bound.